

A Bissexile Boomerang.

By DORA MOLLAN

(62, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The setting for this little comedy of love must be accredited to no lesser artist than Dame Nature herself. She alone was responsible for the maple tree, the fringe of alders growing along the brookside, the orchestral accompaniment of water slipping over the stones.

To be sure, a man acting all unknowingly the role of stage carpenter had knocked together the rustic bench which stood under the tree; but the materials were of her design and coloring. It was she who supplied the blue of the June sky, the tender green of the foliage and the neutral tints of tree trunk and shaded waters.

Into this setting came tripping a dainty maiden, fair as is the wont of leading ladies. She seated herself on the bench, spread out her skirts of yellow orrandle, and opening a sweet-grass basket, took therefrom a tiny silver shuttle and a ball of thread.

After a moment spent in appreciative enjoyment of her surroundings the shapely head with its crown of dusky curls bent over the little shuttle as it busily thrust its nose in and out of the thread, forming intricate loops and knots under the guidance of tapering fingers.

"Oh, Miss Nannie! Telephone!"

The busy fingers stopped short in their task and the sweetgrass basket found itself in sole possession of the bench as the girl hurried up a path in the direction of the voice.

Five minutes later she returned, but the work lay neglected and the black eyes were bent thoughtfully upon the brown water, ever slipping over the



She Seated Herself on the Bench.

stones. Then, from the direction whence had come the voice, sounded a cheery whistle. Hastily the shuttle started again on its hobbling way.

It was a youth whose footsteps followed close upon the whistle—a slender youth with sandy hair, who blushed like a schoolboy as he acknowledged the girl's greeting.

"I say, Nan, it's a great day! You—you look great in that dress, too. And it's so—bully to find you alone."

"For a recent graduate of a celebrated university, Ned, your vocabulary seems woefully lacking in adjectives this afternoon." There was a hint of amusement in the girl's voice, but her eyes, downcast upon her work, were seriously grave.

"You know I'm always tongue-tied when I try to talk seriously with you. Cousin Nell is coming on the 4:10 and I promised mother to meet her. That only gives me half an hour. And I've got something I want to—ask you."

"I'm listening, Ned." During the somewhat prolonged pause that followed the girl did not lift her eyes from the shuttle. The young man gazed at the girl, at the brook, at the alders, up at the maple tree, then back to the girl. What his lips said plainly was not at all what his brain had exemplified then to say.

"I'm going to miss you like everything, Ned, when I go away."

"It's nice to be missed, Ned," Nan answered demurely.

Ned had looked nervously at his watch. "Only twenty minutes more! Mother Cousin Nell! I say, Nan, St. Louis is so far away, very likely I won't get up to see you more than once all winter. Dad expects me to stick there and make good, you know."

Moments passed. The girl did not reply, but apparently listened with serenity to the joyous thrill of a song sparrow that filled in the pause.

"I don't suppose that will bother you, though!" It was the positing bliteness of self-deprecatory boyhood that spoke.

The shuttle came to an abrupt stop. Nan Stacey, her eyes on the brown water, slipping by spoke in her aunt's tone, though in her own ears her

voice rang louder than the clashing of cymbals!

"Perhaps you would be happier in St. Louis, Bob, if I were there with you—as your wife."

Barton gazed at the girl for a moment in incredulous bewilderment. Then he laid his hands gently on her shoulders, turning her to him so that he could read the wonderful truth that was in her eyes: "Do—can you mean that, Nan?" And all the joyous thrill of the song sparrow, the laughing of the waters, and the gentle sighing of the maple leaves were in his voice.

Half an hour elapsed between the first and second acts of this little comedy.

Nan Stacey sat on the same bench, but the shuttle was idle in her lap. Her soft black eyes were again bent on the brown waters still slipping by. Her heart echoed the song of the little brown bird overhead. A whistle sounded from the direction of the path, followed by a laughing voice.

"Hello, Nan! Just saw Ned disappearing down the highway in a cloud of dust. Looked as if he were pursued by the wrath of God—or a motor cop. Don't tell me you let him go it over, after my tipping you off." But Carter flung himself down on the bench, rather too close to the girl.

Nan's shuttle was flying again, very deliberately. "No," she answered. "Ned didn't let it over." Hal, Ned hasn't your self-assurance, you know."

If there was any subtle intent in the remark it was lost upon the man. There was a hint of the bully in Hal Carter. His shoulders were too massive, his forehead just a trifle too broad for his height. "Oh, I counted on that," he laughed, "when I bet him the fifty he hadn't the nerve to propose to you this afternoon. But those boys are stubborn. Sometimes you're a clever girl to have held him off, all the same, Nan."

"Do you think so?" murmured Nan. "Sure do!" Hal Carter fervently in doctored his own words. "Some game was put up between us this afternoon Nannie! Lavin the fifty—you get that antique silver tea pot you've wanted so much. Shall I have it marked with a 'C' or do you prefer your maiden initial?"

The question was asked in a jokingly, and Carter's arm slid protectively around the girl's shoulder. With an elusive change of position that left the arm resting upon space, Nan set upright and looked straight at the very confident young man. "Thank you, Hal," she said, "I'll have it marked with a 'B,' please."

"B? Nan! Where's the joke? Hal's heavy brow puckered in perplexity.

"Oh, you, Hal. You forgot about it!—being ten years. 'B' stands for Barton—and for boomerang."

The song sparrow up in the maple gurgled, the maple leaves rustled; for it was the kind of joke to laugh at.

HUN RAIDERS NEATLY TRICKED

Quick Wit of Chinese Cook Responsible for the Destruction of the Cruiser Emden.

Some time ago a mercantile marine officer, who during the war was on naval service, related to me the following interesting episode in regard to the capture of the Emden:

The famous German raider under a company of men on the Coos Island in the early hours of the morning when most of the men in the wireless station were asleep. The detachment of Germans were under orders to put the wireless apparatus out of action. Near the bench they came across a Chinese—one of the cooks at the station mess. Him they seized hold of and commanded to lead them to the telegraph office. Unfortunately for the emissaries of the fatherland the cook kept his wits about him, and unknown to his captors, managed to signal to one of his fellow countrymen, who was also a station servant and who happened to be near, that he was to convey the news of the landing with all speed to his masters.

This man slipped away post haste to the operator's quarters, and in the meantime the cook led his guards by a roundabout way through the bush to their destination.

Apprised by the Chinese who had come direct as to what was happening, the operators were able to send out a wireless that the Emden was in the offing, so that by the time the Germans had arrived on the scene the Sydney had picked up the message and was making at full speed toward the enemy.

The Germans, not knowing that their presence had already been betrayed, arrived at the instrument-room and soon demolished its contents, no doubt feeling they had done a good morning's work. Alas! their calculations were all upset through the presence of mind of a humble Chinese cook. The latter, I believe, was not forgotten by the British authorities, for I have reason to think he now lives a gentleman of ease and leisure in his native town.—Wuchang.

Conversation as an Art.

"Howdy?"
"How're you?"
"Fine."
"That's good."
"What's new?"
"Same old—eh?"
"Come round soon?"
"Sure."
"Good-by."
"So long."

A Culinary Necessity.

"So the Greek army is going to make hot for Turkey."
"Right, but I don't like the Turkey to be roasted to a crisp."

Public School Teachers.

The Lexington public schools teachers for 1920-21, are announced and assignments made as follows:

HIGH SCHOOL

L. H. Bell, Superintendent.
J. T. Angus, Principal.
Mary D. Wilson, Latin.
Mary C. Willson, Vocational Home Economics.
Louise MacDonald, English.
Margaret Maupin, Mathematics.
Stella Creek, Teacher-Training.
Roena Hensley, Science.
Flora Sexton, History.
Virgie Welsh, Secretary.

CENTRAL SCHOOL

Genevieve Russell, Principal, 8th Grade.
Jennie Rush, 7th Grade.
Dollie Ober, 6th Grade.
Nadine Haverstick, 5th Grade.
Lucille Underwood, 4th Grade.
Esther Stalling, 3rd Grade.

ARNOLD SCHOOL

Kate Drysdale, Principal, 8th A.
Margaret Smith, 8th B and 7th A.
Elizabeth Ashurst, 7th B and 6th A.
Adria C. Smith, 6th B and 5th A.
Verna Owen, 5th B and 4th A.
Helen Shacklett, 4th B and 3rd A.
Margaret Yates, 3rd B and 2nd A.
Bessie Elbert, 2nd B and 1st A.
Myron Gaffin, 1st B.

TAYLOR SCHOOL

Columbia Haerle, Principal, 1st G.
Abenaid Fulton, 2nd Grade.

DOUGLASS SCHOOL

G. A. Green, Principal, High School
Nellie Ray, 7th and 8th Grades
Flossie Boldridge, 4th, 5th and 6th.
Zenobia Hancock, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd.
NUMBER TWO.
Nannie Walker.

A Traveling Man's Experience.

You may learn something from the following by W. H. Ireland, a traveling salesman of Louisville, Ky. "In the summer of 1888 I had a severe attack of cholera morbus. I gave the hotel porter fifty cents and told him to buy me a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy and to take no substitute. I took a double dose of it according to the directions and went to sleep. At five o'clock the next morning I was called by my order and took a train for my next stopping place, a well man."

Adv.

Gospel Tent Service

will commence Monday, September 6th, at 7:30 p. m., on the corner of 20th & South Sts. Everyone invited.

Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Ussery-Lloyd.

Uliassis Ussery and Miss Nellie Lloyd, both of Corder, were married in the office of the recorder of deeds at 10 o'clock Saturday morning, Judge S. N. Wilson officiating.

Newton-Morris.

Robert B. Newton and Lucille Morris, both of Kansas City, were married at 11:30 o'clock Monday morning at the Methodist parsonage, Rev. J. E. Alexander officiating.

Probably Does The Shimmy.

"What's become o' th' ole-time mother that never went t' bed till th' children all got in?" asks Abe Martin, in the Utica Observer. She is probably out making speeches or playing bridge, while "th' children" are shootin' craps or dancing the shimmy.

Should Have Raised The Ante.

"Did the prisoner offer any resistance?"

Officer: "Only a dollar, yer honor, an' I wouldn't take it."—Ex.

Where is the woman now who can drive a man to drink?—Life.

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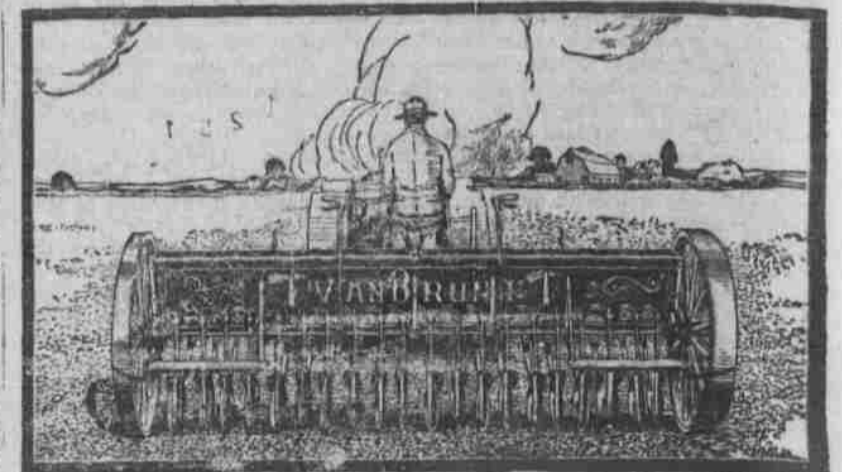
Lexington, Miss.

Coach Neel is back at the Chillicothe Business College working over the football material now in the school and preparing for the many athletes who will enter at the big Fall Opening Sept. 7.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kerdoff and little daughter of Kansas City, are guests of Mr. Kerdoff's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kerdoff.

Mrs. A. W. Allen and little daughter, Catherine, went to Kansas City Tuesday to spend the day.

"No Position, No Pay," the slogan at the Chillicothe Business College, is made possible by the constant demand for its graduates and the efficiency of its big Employment Department.



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planting your small grain crops. Why not get one from us now that will do all of this work—one that plants the seed at even depth so that the crop will all be ready for harvest at one time?

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Lexington, Mo.

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